
Title: *leather bound book*

Author: Dryzzid Losstarot

My dear Lipstick. I suppose Azrielle shall give you this when she feels you are ready for it. I consoled with her for quite some time a few nights ago, on the topic of your health. I know you will never forgive me for what I have done...as it is hard to forgive myself. I have asked Azrielle to deliver this messege to you, for I cannot bear to face youthough I doubt I would be permitted to. Life is funny, I must admit. Everything was according to plan, I had married you.....forced myself upon you, and all that was left was to wait for you to bear a child....I suppose you have already figured out my plan. A child would be in line for the throne....all that would stand in my way would be Shantel...but she would have been easy to deal with. But now, I cannot even look at myself, without having a feeling of disdain. As I stated.....I cannot expect you to forgive me...but for my own spirit...I must attempt to make amends. You must understand...I never meant to hurt you the way I did.....

-Dryzzid